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THE HEART'S CHOICE

AND OTHER POEMS

OF

HENRY A. LAVELY



To
Mrs. Dr. E. G. Cook
With the kind regards of
The Author
Henry A. Larcher

THE HEART'S CHOICE
AND OTHER POEMS

OF

HENRY ALEXANDER LAVELY

... for he was
Born unto singing.
RICHARD REALP.

CAMBRIDGE
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1886

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Copyright, 1886,
By HENRY ALEXANDER LAVELY.

To
W. W. CORCORAN,
PATRON OF ART AND PHILANTHROPIST,

I DEDICATE

This Little Volume.

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THE HEART'S CHOICE.

A PAINTER quickly seized his brush,
And on the canvas wrought
The sweetest image of his soul, —
His heart's most secret thought.

A Minstrel gently struck his lyre,
And wondrous notes I heard,
Which burned and thrilled and soothed by turns,
And all my being stirred.

A Singer sang a simple song, —
An echo of his soul ;
It vibrates still through all my life,
And lifts me to its goal.

A Poet took his pen and wrote
A line of Hope and Love ;
It was a heaven-born thought, and breathed
Of purest joys above.

A man of God, what time my heart
Was weighed with sorrow down,
Spoke golden words of Faith and Trust,
And they became my crown.

I see the Painter's picture still ;
I hear the Minstrel's lyre,
The Singer's song, the Poet's thought
Still glow with sacred fire ;

But in my heart's most hallowed realm
The good man's words do live,
And through my life a perfume breathe
That naught of earth can give.

OUR LITTLE PET.

We have the sweetest little girl
That ever you did see,
As bright, as happy, and as fair
As ever she can be.

Her eyes are black as any crow's,
And always full of fun,
And sparkle so with love and joy,
Your heart is fairly won.

Her lips are like the cherry ripe,
And taste to us more sweet,
And the pure rapture of a kiss
Is as when brooklets meet.

Her hair is like a bunch of wheat,
Kissed by the morning sun,
Just as the god of day begins
His golden race to run.

Her voice is to our listening ears
As music soft and sweet,
The echo of whose gentle tones
Is touched by little feet.

Her ways are cute and roguish, too,
And take the heart by storm,
While all the fountains of her life
Are pure and sweet and warm.

Our Father! keep this treasure dear
Beneath Thy sheltering wing,
And let her little hands unto
The Rock of Ages cling.

UNFULFILLED.

THE sweetest songs are never sung ;
The fairest pictures never hung ;
The fondest hopes are never told, —
They are the heart's most cherished gold :

For in the empire of the heart,
There is a realm from this apart,
Whose pictures are too pure for earth,
Whose language is of heavenly birth.

ATTAINED.

We may not sing a song so soft
As angel voices sing,
Nor catch the notes of love which they
On golden harps do bring.

We may not write the burning thoughts
Which through our being roll,
Nor thrill with rapture pure and sweet
Another longing soul.

We may not take a brush and paint
The pictures of the mind,
Nor touch with rainbow hues the hopes
Which round the heart are twined.

But to the weary ones of earth
We words of cheer may give,
Which in their hearts shall brightly burn,
And there forever live.

UNATTAINED.

I SAW a child one summer day,
Pursue, with eager feet,
A butterfly. The gorgeous thing,
On golden wing so fleet,

Flew from his grasp, till down he sat
And wept, because he failed
To catch the treasure, which away
In the glad sunshine sailed.

So when the faithful child of song
Would catch some truant strain,
Behold! 't is gone! and sad he sits
And weeps in bitter pain.

THEY COME NO MORE.

LIKE waves which once have kissed the shore,
But come no more, but come no more,
So are the sweetest thoughts that roll
Along the currents of the soul :
They come no more ; they come no more.

THE SONGS OF THE SOUL.

OFT in the midnight's sacred hour,
When round me breathes some mighty power,

Throughout the chambers of my soul
The grandest notes of music roll.

As if an angel passing by
Had poised a moment in the sky

To sing a song as pure and sweet
As ever stirred the golden street.

No poet's pen may ever write
Nor trace in words of living light

The glory of these strains of love,
Which, from the blissful realms above,

Do waft their beauty to my heart,
And all their rapture rare impart.

For they 've a language all their own,
Than songs of earth a sweeter tone ;

Yet in some still hour of my life,
When all my being 's free from strife,

I fain would catch the faintest note
Which through the vibrant air doth float,

And sound it out so loud and clear
That all the weary world might hear.

So should my soul with joy be blest,
And recompense become my guest.

AUTUMN.

THE woods are tinged with red and gold ;
The sky hangs crimson o'er the scene ;
The balmy air — Oh, rapture rare ! —
Floats, like a benison, between.

Oct. 24, 1885.

LIFE.

'T WILL all be over by and by—
This fitful fever — life :
These bitter tears will soon be dry,
And ended all the strife.

This warfare which we strangely wage
Will soon be overpast,
And all the storms that round us rage
Will sink to rest at last.

These hopes which mock us with their dreams,
And vanish one by one,
Shall lead at length to living streams
Beyond the setting sun.

These faiths which are so weak and cold
Will soon be crowned with love,
And safe within the SHEPHERD'S fold
We 'll taste the joys above.

ALMS.

SHE came to me and asked for alms
In low and plaintive voice ;
I gave her from my humble store,
And bade her go rejoice.

She came to me for alms ; I gave
Her from my yearning heart
Enough for many days to come, —
A feast, of life a part.

The cruse may fail, but nevermore
The full and loyal soul ;
For giving to the giver adds
As years on years do roll.

OUR MARTYR.

THY ways, O God, are strange to us,
We cannot find them out ;
Oh, give us faith to hope and trust
That we may never doubt.

Our hearts are sad — the nation mourns
Its great and noble chief ;
And over all the land there rolls
The surges of its grief.

“With charity to all,” he breathed
His gentle life away,
And left a fragrance pure and sweet
As flowers of balmy May.

“With charity to all,” — *to thee*,
O fiend ! who dealt the blow
Which plunged the land in bitter tears, —
This charity did flow.

"With charity to all," — *to thee*,
Thou spirit of the pit,
To thee, who made us thus to mourn,
And down in sadness sit.

O Justice ! let thy sword be swift
To punish such a deed !
O Earth ! in sorrow bow thy head
And for our country plead !

April, 1865.

OUR HEROES.

LIFT high the marble over the tombs
Of the heroic dead,
Fit emblem of the hearts whose blood
For Liberty was shed ;

And on the spotless shaft inscribe
The deeds of glory done, —
The faiths, the hopes, the deaths through which
Their victories were won.

Then deck their graves with flowers of spring,
Plucked from the brow of morn,
All glowing with the pearly dew,
In night and darkness born.

Bring wreaths which speak of deathless hopes,
And twine them round the spot

¹ Read before the G. A. R. at the Academy of Music
Pittsburgh, May 30, 1873.

'Neath which our loved ones sleep the sleep
Their patient valor bought.

Weave chaplets fair of every hue,
And strew them all around,
Until the fragrance which they breathe
Shall hallow all the ground.

And bring the lily, sweet and pure,
The pledge of Faith and Love,
And let its perfume wafted be
With Hope and Joy, above.

Oh, tell the story of their fame
In speech and act and song,
Till every heart shall catch the theme,
And join the grateful throng ;

Till every heart shall be a fane,
In which their memories lie,
And every throb shall speak the praise
Of works which never die :

Till over all the earth a shout
For Freedom shall arise,
Which, as the earth grows old, shall swell
The anthem of the skies !

**KEEMLÉ AND WILLIE: HERE AND
THERE.¹**

Four little feet, grown weary here,
Now walk the other shore ;
Four sparkling eyes, ceased twinkling here
Now view the golden shore.

Four busy hands, grown palsied here,
Now clasp the white-robed throng ;
Four ruby lips, grown speechless here,
Now sing the heavenly song.

Two snowy brows, ceased aching here,
Are decked with garlands there ;
Two loving hearts, ceased beating here,
Are filled with rapture there.

Two heads, grown soft and flaxen here,
Are bright and radiant there ;
Two pets, so weak and guarded here,
Are "as the angels" there.

¹ Died October, 1861, aged six and eight.

MUSINGS.

OH, what were life if we ne'er touched
Its sweet or subtile springs ?
If we ne'er felt the strange, wild joy
Which Genius o'er it flings ?

If we ne'er heard the yearning throbs
Of other beating hearts ?
If we ne'er knew the longing hopes
Another soul imparts ?

If we ne'er climbed untrodden heights,
Nor dreamed in fairy land ?
If we ne'er grasped a wondrous Truth
By Wisdom strangely planned ?

If we ne'er breathed a purer air
Than e'er on earth did blow ?
If we ne'er walked the golden stair
Up which the angels go ?

If we ne'er sought the Christ of God,
Nor pondered o'er His fame ?

If we ne'er told His love abroad,
Nor gloried in His name ?

If we for aye were doomed to sit
Amid the dross of earth,
And never read a hallowed writ
Or page of heavenly birth ?

If we for aye were whirled along
Time's busy, jostling way,
And could not 'mid the eager throng
E'en find a place to pray ?

If we for aye should hear the moans
Which tremble from the crowds,
And never hear an angel's tones
Come floating through the clouds ?

If we for aye should shut our hearts
And live for self alone,
And never know that Love imparts
A beauty all its own ?

If we for aye should fold our hands
And dream our years away,
When every hour so much demands
That we must not delay ?

A REVERIE.

THE voices of the Past, in varied tones,
Speak to my soul to-night and will not hush ;
A thousand deeds they whisper of the years, —
The long forgotten years — when life was
 young,
And Joy and Hope were linked with golden
 chains ;
And every pulse beat music to the heart,
And every breath was drawn in Faith and
 Love.

They tell of manhood's grapple with the world,
When heart was strong and will sublime —
 sublime
As with imperious tread the mountain's top
Became as dust before its waving wand ;
And earth's colossal shapes of Fear but seemed
At its approach dim spectres of the air.

They tell of scenes of mirth and revelry,
When earth seemed decked in garlands bright
and fair :

When Pleasure with a golden sceptre sat
Within the charmed circle of my life,
And claimed the wildest homage of my heart.
They tell of hours of darkness, too, when Grief
Sat sternly on her throne, with face so pale
That corpse-like it did seem amidst the gloom.

Now every voice is still and hushed but two ;
The Present stands beside me like a king,
And loudly calls to ACTION ! whilst around
The circle of my mind there floats a form,
Dressed in the garb of Faith and Hope and
Love,

Which echoes ACTION ! ACTION ! then in tones
Which seem fresh from the great White Throne
there come

The words : " Act in the ETERNAL NOW : so
shall

The Future be the Fruit the now shall bear,
And as thou dost approach, thy hands shalt
pluck,

And thou shalt eat.

HIDDEN MANNA.

THE chosen Heart hath manna sweet
Of which the worldling cannot eat, —
A constant feast of joys refined,
Spread in the chambers of the mind.

And as she sits and breaks her bread
A thousand worthy souls are fed,
So rich the bounties of her hand,
So large the gifts at her command !

And yet her store is still increased,
And she enjoys a nobler feast,
For every crumb she doth dispense
Becomes a loaf, — in recompense !

A BRAVE GIRL.

IN MEMORY OF LOTTIE DOUGHERTY, A TELEGRAPH OPER-
ATOR OF MILLVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, WHO, IN SAVING A
PASSENGER TRAIN FROM DESTRUCTION, RECEIVED HER
DEATH WOUND.

No braver act than thine, sweet girl,
Can thrill the poet's heart,
Nor touch with an ecstatic glow
The painter's matchless art.

In saving others thou didst give
Thine own unspotted life,
And leave behind a name that shines
Effulgent through the strife.

What though the storm in fury raged,
The lightnings flashed and played,
The thunder pealed and roared and rolled,
And all for succor prayed —

Thy swift feet bore the signal light
That saved the rushing train,
With all its freight of precious lives,
And good they might attain.

But thou art gone ; thy race is run ;
Dear ones have laid thee low,
And o'er thy tomb the flowers of spring
In tender beauty grow !

Whilst thy freed spirit gladly soars
Through realms of endless bliss,
Above the tempests and the storms
Of such a world as this.

“WOULD I HAD DIED.”

“Would I had died,” you say ; “for then
I should have left behind
A sacred memory in thine heart,
With deathless hopes enshrined.”

Oh, say not so ! down in my soul
Thine image sainted lies,
Beyond the reach of aught in life
To harm or to surprise.

And though on earth our feet shall tread
(For thou hast deemed it best)
On paths which lead us far apart,
In search of love and rest,

Still, when we cross the river cold,
And gain the thither shore,
We shall together join the song
Of those who've gone before.

We shall together backward gaze
Along the road we've trod ;
And learn what else we had not learned, —
The way that leads to God !

2*

TO ANNIE: A MEMORY.

How strangely near thou art to-night ;
Thy spirit fills my heart ;
The hopes of other days grow bright,
And all their joys impart.

Thine image seems to float around
The circle of my mind,
Until with love and peace profound
My faith with thine is twined.

I seem to hear thy tones so sweet, —
The music of thy soul, —
Which softly as when streamlets meet,
Along my memory roll.

I seem to feel thy fond caress, —
The touch of long ago, —
The clasp of hands which fain would bless,
Before they let me go.

Thy lips to mine once more are pressed ;
I feel thy presence still ;
Thou art my soul's most constant guest ;
Thou dost my being fill.

GARFIELD.

He's dead ! and all the world is sad ;
He gained the height of earthly fame,
And as he bowed his head and died,
He left us an immortal name.

He's dead ! but he yet speaks in tones
So pure, so tender, and so true,
That all our hearts are still and hushed
And touched with hopes forever new.

He's dead ! Oh, do not say he's dead !
His radiant pathway still doth glow
Beneath the sunshine of a life
Resplendent as the virgin snow.

He's dead ! Oh, no, not dead ! He sleeps
A gentle sleep, and after while,
When all the dreams of life are past,
He 'll wake 'neath God's eternal smile.

September 19, 1881.

LIFE FROM DEATH.

THE shades of evening round me fell ;
I heard the tolling of her bell ;
I felt the darkness steal along,
Till hushed was every plaintive song.

Anon, I saw the golden day
Around the shadows brightly play,
Until — oh, life from Death ! — the sun
Burst forth his radiant race to run.

So when the shapes of Doubt and Fear
Creep to my heart, all dark and drear,
The morning breaks ! the shadows fly !
And sunshine fills my summer sky.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

So you are nine years old to-day,
My own old-fashioned Sue, —
I note the fact — and only say,
Be good and brave and true.

August 19, 1884.

IN DAYS TO COME.

In days to come we plan good deeds,
And lose the golden now ;
In days to come we mean to sow,
But we forget the vow ;
In days to come !

In days to come we think we see
A harvest rich and rare ;
In days to come we fain would reap,
But no ripe grain is there ;
In days to come !

In days to come we dream fond dreams,
And think them real and true ;
In days to come they melt away
Swift as the morning dew ;
In days to come !

In days to come we treasures heap,
A store for many years ;

In days to come they vanish all
And leave us only tears ;
In days to come !

And yet, in days to come, there is
“ A house not made with hands,”
In which, in days to come, we shall
Weave Life's unwoven strands ;
In days to come !

ASPIRATIONS.

LIKE some fair bird, which erstwhile flew
Far into heaven's eternal blue,
And, wafted to a purer air,
Did sing a song beyond compare,

My soul on pinions strong and bright,
Hath often taken up her flight,
And soared away on wings of love
To regions far from earth above,

Till weary of her dizzy height,
And dazzled by the golden light,
She fluttered back to earth again,
And gave her radiant joy for pain.

But not content to idly lie
Beneath the gorgeous morning sky,
And fain to try again her wing
And in a purer ether sing,

She lifts herself to sail away
To realms of calm and endless day,
Where in a softer, sweeter sphere
Her outlook should be bright and clear.

But all in vain, for angry clouds,
And shapes of Fear in horrid crowds
Shut out the beauty of the scene,
Which seemed so lovely and serene.

'T is then I hear a voice : "Be still,
And bow before my sovereign will,
And soon, the storms all overpast,
Thy vision shall be pure at last ;

"On sights more fair than those below,
On flowers that shall forever blow,
Thine eye for aye shall fondly gaze,
And all thy heart be filled with praise."

A FRAGMENT.

HEART.

WHENCE come these murmurs of the soul
Which through the inmost being roll? —
These yearnings ever on the wing,
Oh, tell me whence their secret spring?

FAITH.

No earthly joy can hush their plaint,
No earthly brush their spirit paint,
No earthly grief can quell their flight,
No earthly pen their language write.

HEART.

Above the clouds have they their birth;
They flutter so 'mid scenes of earth;
Or notes are they of angels' song,
Just wafted from the distant throng?

FAITH.

They are thy language, anxious heart;
In accents strange do they impart
The earnest of a sweeter strain,
A grander, holier refrain!

PROVIDENCE.

As God doth kindly stay
His rough wind in the day
His east wind keenly blows ;

So in the time of need,
When hearts are sore and bleed,
His dearest love He shows ;

For all the storms He guides,
On all the winds He rides ;
What we can bear He knows.

CHRISTMAS.

Oh bless the happy Christmas morn
On which the Holy Child was born !
Its songs so glad, its words of cheer,
To heart and memory oh, how dear !

Its gifts to young, and old as well ;
Its merry chimes, which sweetly tell
The story of His humble birth
Who was the king of all the earth !

Oh bless the hallowed joy it brings ;
The hope which from its spirit springs ;
The goodness trooping in its train
From Bethlehem's far distant plain !

And so, with Tiny Tim, oh pray,
Upon this peaceful Christmas day,
"God bless Us !—bless Us Every One !"—
With deeds of kindness gladly done.

THE "STILL SMALL VOICE."

[1 Kings xix. 11, 12.]

NOT in the whirlwind's mighty blast,
Nor in the earthquake's surging shock,
Nor in the scorching, blinding flame
Does God come to His little flock :

But in the STILL SMALL VOICE of Love,
He comes to woo and bless and cheer,
Until the heart is soothed to rest,
And gone is every hurtful fear.

"THE BRUISED REED."

"I WILL not break the bruised reed!"

Oh weary ones, in doubt and need,
With gladness hear the gentle tone
Of Him to whom your griefs are known.

"I will not break the bruised reed!"

Oh stricken ones, with hearts that bleed,
Your Saviour all your wounds shall heal,
And to your minds His Peace reveal.

"I will not break the bruised reed!"

Oh trembling ones, the message heed,
And to your Lord your sorrows tell,
And with your souls it shall be well.

"I will not break the bruised reed!"

Oh tempted ones, the lesson read,
And let your faith to Jesus cling,
As all your cares to Him you bring.

"I will not break the bruised reed!"
Oh wand'ring ones, your feet He'll lead
In all the straight and narrow way,
Till you have gained the perfect day.

"I will not break the bruised reed!"
Oh constant ones, with precious seed,
Your tears will soon have all been shed,
And golden sheaves shall crown each head.

October 24, 1870.

"THE LORD JEHOVAH."

**"THE Lord Jehovah is my strength ;"
He also is my song ;
He is my hope and portion here
When doubts around me throng.**

**"The Lord Jehovah is my strength ;"
His everlasting arms
Are underneath to comfort me
When fear or pain alarms.**

**"The Lord Jehovah is my strength ;"
"He is my all in all ;"
"Beneath the shadow of his wings"
No danger can befall.**

**"The Lord Jehovah is my strength ;"
"He is my dwelling-place ;"
"He is my shield and buckler," too,
My peace, my rest, my grace.**

**"The Lord Jehovah is my strength ;"
Upon His word I feed,
And "sweeter than the honey-comb"
The promises I read.**

**"The Lord Jehovah is my strength ;"
My covert from the wind ;
My hiding-place when tempests rage ;
In Him I safety find.**

GOD.

"CANST thou by searching find out God?"

Or grasp His secret thought?

Canst thou through realms by angels trod

Trace how His plans are wrought?

Canst thou in this brief dream of life

Aught of His purpose show?

Canst thou through conflict and through strife

His peaceful being know?

Canst thou tell how before His eyes

A thousand years are spread,

As yesterday, which stricken lies

With all its kindred — dead?

Canst thou look into His great mind,

And read His counsels o'er?

Canst thou in earthly wisdom find

Of knowledge such a store?

Canst thou soar back on restless wing,

And through strange chaos gaze

Upon a world which soon should sing
Its great Creator's praise ?

Canst thou by human thought e'er sound
The depths of His great might
Before an angel's pinion found
A pathway to the light ?

O Thou eternal God ! Thy ways
Are far above our thought !
We can but lift our hearts in praise
For what Thy love hath wrought !

We know how weak we are : how great
Thou art, we ne'er shall know ;
Oh ! teach us in our low estate
That we in faith may grow.

Teach us to live a life of trust
Upon the Son of God,
That when our bodies turn to dust
Our works may spread abroad.

Teach us to live a life of love,
Drawn from the Saviour's breast ;
So in the golden courts above
We'll find eternal rest.

•

“THE LITTLE CHURCH OVER THE HILL.”

O LITTLE church, all patched and torn,
Thou art again left sad and lorn,
With none thy sacred desk to fill —
Poor little church over the hill !

O little church, so oft bereaved
Of priests in whom thou hast believed,
By changes thou hast lost thy skill —
Nice little church over the hill !

O little church so sick and sore,
We thought thy sorrows were no more ;
But round they seem to linger still, —
Sweet little church over the hill !

'T is true no lofty organ sounds
Within thy sacred, hallowed bounds,
To stir and lift and waft and thrill —
Dear little church over the hill !

54 "THE LITTLE CHURCH OVER THE HILL."

Nor frescoed walls, nor bright array,
To tempt the soul from heaven away,
Are found within thy gates so still —
Plain little church over the hill !

Yet Christ the Lord is worshiped there
Upon the wings of Faith and Prayer,
Borne sweetly upward with a will —
Bright little church over the hill !

And songs of loved ones linger round,
Whose incense hallows all the ground,
With not a sound to jar or chill —
Rare little church over the hill !

And one is NOT who spoke the word
Which others ABSENT gladly heard,
And now they stand on Zion's hill —
Fair little church OVER the hill !

MINERSVILLE, *May*, 1874.

MY HEART'S SONG.

Of Thee my heart would gladly sing,
And to Thy feet its tribute bring
 Of sweetest praise and love ;
For all the wonders of Thy grace,
For all the hopes Thy Cross embrace,
 For all the joys above.

Of Thee my heart would gladly sing,
And over all the world would ring
 The wonders of Thy death !
Of Thee my lips would gladly tell,
And on Thy great salvation dwell
 With my expiring breath !

Of Thee my heart would gladly sing,
As "'neath the shadow of Thy wing"
 My soul abides secure
From fear and danger, storm and strife —
From all the blasting winds of life —
 From all that can allure.

Of Thee my heart would gladly sing,
And all around would gladly fling
 The treasures of its joy,
Till others join the sweet refrain
And thus in ecstasy proclaim
 The hopes their tongues employ.

Of Thee my heart would gladly sing,
O Thou triumphant Lord and king,
 Its grandest earthly song,
Till yonder in a grander psalm, —
“The song of Moses and the Lamb,” —
 It shall the notes prolong.

"COME UNTO ME."

**"COME unto me," O weary soul,
And I will give you rest ;
Come when the billows wildly roll,
And lean upon my breast.**

**Come in your anguish and your grief,
" And I will give you rest ;"
Come when there's none to give relief,
And let your soul be blest.**

**Come in your sorrow and distress,
" And I will give you rest ;"
Come when you would your faults confess,
And peace shall be your guest.**

**Come in your weariness and pain,
" And I will give you rest ;"
Come when your hopes begin to wane,
And put my love to test.**

INSTALLATION HYMN.

SUNG ON THE OCCASION OF THE INSTALLATION OF REV.
ROBERT A. HILL, OCTOBER 13, 1883.

O SHEPHERD of Thy little flock
Thus far Thou 'st led us on,
And through the darkest night Thy hand
Has pointed to the dawn.

Oft with no under-shepherd dear
To guide our erring feet,
Thy faithful staff has shown the way
To pastures green and sweet.

And now, O SHEPHERD of the sheep,
We come with cheerful voice,
To dedicate to service here
The pastor of Thy choice.

And may the compact that we make
Be "GLORY TO THY NAME!"

And let our aim and purpose be
To spread abroad Thy fame.

And when on earth our work is done,
And all our conflicts o'er,
Oh, may we meet with harp and palm
Along the golden shore !

THE HEART'S VIGILS.

"I sleep, but my heart waketh." — CANTICLES.

A DREAMY slumber shuts mine eyes,
And locks my mind in sleep,
But ever on its guard, my Heart
A constant watch doth keep.

"I sleep," but at the least alarm
My Heart is all awake,
To catch the faintest sounds of harm
That through its chambers break.

I seem to sleep, but all around
The golden gates of life
My Heart keeps guard and quickly hears
The slightest sound of strife.

"I sleep," and dream of Faith and Hope,
And Peace and Joy and Love,

Till all my soul seems calm and still,
And grasps at things above.

But still my Heart is not at rest ; —
A sense of danger near
Lurks like a ghostly spectre round,
And will not disappear.

Oh for a mind to rest secure
From every touch of Fear, —
A mind to lift my Heart and Soul
Up to their highest sphere !

A VISION.

My soul on restless wing took flight,
And gladly soared away,
Till, hidden in the Infinite,
She found life's purest ray.

'T was but a moment!—back again
To earthly things she came ;
The glory was too grand to last, —
Too radiant was the flame.

But when at length my soul shall gain
The other side of life,
The gorgeous vision shall remain
Untouched by dream of strife ;

And all the endless years of God
New beauties shall unfold,
And no fond yearning of the heart
Shall ever be controlled.

RECOMPENSE.

ONE Christmas morn I gave my child
A token of my love, —
An earnest sweet of Him who left
His Father's throne above.

One day beneath the scorching sun
Which beat on Afric's plain,
I told a yearning soul of Him
Who for his sins was slain.

My child was pleased, but he who heard
With peace and joy was filled ;
I in the gift rejoiced ; but by
The hopes I breathed was thrilled !

"THE BLOOD OF JESUS!"

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." — JOHN.

"THE BLOOD OF JESUS!" catch the strain,
Ye royal sons of Truth,
And let the theme proclaim His reign,
Fresh with eternal youth.

"THE BLOOD OF JESUS!" grander grows
This wondrous song of love,
Until the heart with rapture flows,
And joins the harps above.

"THE BLOOD OF JESUS!" O ye choirs
Before the Father's throne,
With gladness touch your trembling lyres,
And make His glory known.

"THE BLOOD OF JESUS!" higher still
The charming anthem raise,
And let its grandeur sweetly fill
The universe of praise.

"THE BLOOD OF JESUS!" O ye saints,
How golden is your speech!
The angels' voices are but plaints
When they such heights would reach!

"THE BLOOD OF JESUS!" join the lay,
Ye pilgrims here below,
Till thou in perfect, endless day
The grand new song shall know.

A MATCH GAME OF CROQUET.

'T WAS in the autumn of the year,
The season to our hearts most dear,
When wood and field in gold and *blue*
Their beauty o'er the landscape threw,
Till all the scene seemed touched with love
And wore the *hue* of heaven above.

'T WAS at the sunny hour of noon,
And bright the day as any June,
When to the dreamy fields away
We did repair to play croquet.
The balls were white and red and *blue*,
The stakes were red and white and new,
The mallets bright and gorgeous too,
And so were all the Edgeworth Crew.
The S'wickley Club was gay and true,
With girls dressed in the sweetest *blue*,
And all were eager for the fray, —
The play which Frenchmen call croquet.

The game began : red made a play,
And through an arch sped swift away ;
Then followed balls of every hue,
White, brown, and yellow ; black and *blue* ;
And thus the circle soon was swung,
And all the welkin gladly rung
The triumph of the Edgeworth Club,
Which is croquet's great Western "hub."

Again we swung the circle round,
And left the wickets in the ground ;
(The Constitution in each hand,
The earnest of a loyal band.)
With varying success we played,
As each, with careful stroke, essayed
To win or die upon a field
Where shouts of victory oft had pealed.

The game seemed close, the fight waxed warm,
As all around like bees did swarm, —
The youth and beauty of the place,
The sweet embodiments of grace.

But soon, alas ! the truth seemed plain,
That all the witches were not slain
The day that Goody Martin died,
But still do wildly, madly ride

68 *A MATCH GAME OF CROQUET.*

O'er hill and plain, o'er field and dell,
To bring to grief with wondrous spell
The best laid plans of mice and men—
The *azurest* ball in all the glen!

For as the play went on 't was found,
The ball in *blue* was losing ground,
And round the second arch did stay,
Like maidens round a pole of May.

'T was vain to urge the *blue* ball through,
For well the witches saw and knew
That of the pot which they did brew
He had imbibed so large a *stew*,
That all the arts of head or hand
Could not undo what they had planned.

And thus the fight went fiercely on,
On what was once a peaceful lawn;
Red sprites and white, and black and gray,
Joined in the fierce, unequal fray,
And all the rage of all the crew
Seemed leveled 'gainst the ball in *blue*;
'T was vain for him thus to contest
The game with witches of the West.

But still around the second arch
The impish sprites did wildly march,
As *blue* ball strove the arch to gain
And break the spell that gave him pain ;
But all in vain. His foes stood fast,
Determined all his hopes to blast.
At length, oh happy thought! a friend
A kindly hand did gladly lend,
And spite of sprites of every hue
Put *blue* ball gayly, grandly through.

(And here — in hoops — the *blue* ball bows
His head in humble thanks, and vows,
If e'er the ball in dainty brown
Shall fall beneath the witches' frown,
And stays the second arch around,
Whilst other balls are gaining ground,
He'll to his rescue gladly hie,
And make the witches wildly fly.)

But whilst the witching war was waged,
And on the contest madly raged
Between the ball in modest *blue*,
And all the worthless, mumbling crew,
The game was played with warmth and zest,
To prove which club was truly best.

Now brown with noble mien did go
From arch to arch with lucky blow,
And black (worthy a better name)
Kept even in the 'trancing game,
Whilst green, with careful, cautious stroke;
The evening echoes gently woke ;
Then yellow, white, and *tuneful* red,
By orange swiftly, gladly led,
Each through their arches gayly sped,
And lustre o'er the field did shed ;
The stake was gained by all but green,
(And *blue*, of course, which, in the scene,
With witches far behind had run,
And on the race had scarce begun ;)
And on the home-stretch swept along,
As insects sung their evening song,
And all the air rung with the cheers
Of all the smaller Edgeworth *dears*.

Here orange, stately as a bride,
And in far more than regal pride,
Defied the balls of humbler hue,
And swiftly sped the wickets through,
And white and yellow, joined as one,
Together close the gauntlet run,
And red with music sweet went through,
As round the zephyrs gently blew.

Here brown and black, with *smiling* grace,
Were next found running in the race,
Whilst green, with caution in his play,
Plied slowly on his winding way ;
And *blue*, still blinded, sick and sore,
Began to think croquet a bore.

And thus we went, and thus we played,
And thus together progress made,
Till all the Edgeworth club, with shouts,
In which were mixed no fears nor doubts,
Exultant gathered round the stake
To one by one their exit make.
The game was played, the game was won,
And Edgeworth most enjoyed the fun !
SEWICKLEY, *October 13, 1866.*

THE THREE STAGES.

THE scent of apple blossoms filled
The balmy evening air,
As Sue and I walked hand in hand, —
A trusting, happy pair.

The scent of golden apples filled
The dreamy autumn air,
As Sue and I walked hand in hand, —
A wedded, happy pair.

The scent of apple butter filled
The cosy dining-room,
As Sue and I danced hand to hand,
Around the kitchen broom !

